The Wilson Advance.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

VOL. 9. WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1880 NUMBER 50

The Wilson Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY

WOODARD & CONNOR

Wilson, N. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—In Advance:

For one Year, ... $2.00
Six Months, ... 1.00

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FRIDAY ..... JANUARY 9 1880

Poetry.

Among the Reeds.

THEODORE TILTON.

Swim fast, O wounded swan, swim fast!
Thy mate awaits thee in her nest,
Not dreaming that the dart was cast
Which quivers in thy bleeding breast!

Swim fast, O dying swan, swim fast!
Die not till she beholds thy fate,
Lest she may deem some fickle blast
Hath blown thee to another mate!

Swim fast, O faithful swan, swim fast!
The adverse tide is swift and strong,
Swim fast, swim fast, until at last
Thou sing to her thy dying song!

If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That feel like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace,
That brought the sunshine to one face;
No act most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost
Then count that day as worse than lost.

EDITH'S LOVER.

Coming out upon the terrace where they stood alone together in the June twilight, I remember thinking what a handsome, noble-looking couple they made, and how well it was that my mistress had chosen Mr. Hollis for her future husband when so many attractive young gentlemen aspired to the honor of her hand.

As I approached, Mr. Hollis was saying:

"To-morrow is our wedding day, Edith! To morrow! I can scarcely realize it. Ah, how proud and glad I am!"

My lady looked at this moment, her cheeks all aglow, her eyes shining with happiness. Hearing my step she said in her gentle way:

"What is it Jenny?"

"A strange woman has present herself at the kitchen door, madam. She asked for you and will not be denied. She does not live in these parts. I think; her accent and dress are both peculiar. Good gracious, there she comes now. and I left her on the kichen step!"

My mistress looked in the direction indicated and beheld a drooping forlorn figure slowly advancing from the rear of the house.

She charged color and drew back with a startled cry:

"Mrs. Hawkins!"

The woman came nearer and paused on the upper step, looking curiously about her.

"Forgive me for comin'," she said, in a low, broken voice. It ain't right to be troublin' any like you. But what could I do with him beggin' and pleadin' and frettin' himself ill? I hadn't the heart to refuse his prayer, and—"

"Hush!" My mistress drew her strange visitor hurriedly down the steps.

She was very pale and trembled with excitement.

"No more now—I cannot listen," said she in a whisper. "If you have any errand for me come again by and by when I am alone."

The woman sighed heavily.

"Let me give you this note, ma'am—It's from him, and I'll trouble you no more. You'll read it, an' do all it asks, ma'am:" she added, quite plaintively, as she thrust a bit of crumpled paper in my lady's hand.

"Yes, yes. Now go—go at once!"

"I will. But don't disapp'int him, ma'ma don't do it."

There was desperation in her voice and looks—perhaps even menance—as she turned and made her way with difficulty down the path.

Mr. Hollis naturally made some inquiry as to the strange visitor, but at Miss Edith's solicitation, he dropped the subject, and soon afterwards went away.

About 10 o'clock that night my lady's bell summoned me to her chamber.

I found her sitting with her wraps on and a bit of paper—the same the woman had given her—clenched in her hand.

Her face wore a sadder expression than I had ever seen upon it before.

"Jenny," she said, turning in her chair as I entered, "do you know a place in the village called Holme's Cottage?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. Get your bonnet; I wish you to take me there. I wish to set out at once."

"But it is a long distance, madam; if you must go, shall I not order the carriage?"

"I do not wish this visit known to any one else in the house, Jenny. The servants would think strange of it.—You, I am sure, are discreet and faithful."

We left the house by a side door, locking it and taking the key with us.

Presently we reached Holme's Cottage. It was a long low building in the out skirts of the village, at some distance from any other dwelling. Since my knowledge of the house began it had been occupied by the poor class of tenants.

"Some one I wish to see is here," she said quietly. "Remain outside, Jenny, I shall not be long away."

She entered without knocking and closed the door. The next instant I heard a glad cry within, then a burst of sobs.

Suddenly Mr. Hollis confronted me, his face white and convulsed in the moonlight!

"Tell me," he said in a husky whisper "was it Edith, my promised wife, that went in at yonder door?"

I could not speak, but my looks answered him.

He dropped my hand and turned away, when a few agitated words came through the open window:

"Edith, I knew you would come! my precious darling, my wife! You were not so cruel as to forsake me utterly."

It was a man's voice, but Mr. Hollis seemed to hear a simple word only of those it uttered.

"Wife!" he echoed, in a hollow tone. "Wife! Good God! And to morrow was to have been our wedding day!"

In spite of my terror and bewilderment, I had the presence of mind to grasp his arm and drag him further away from that house.

"What brings you here?" I sternly demanded. "Why have you followed us?"

"I did not follow you; I am no spy; it was chance that brought me in this direction to-night. Nay, not chance," he added, with sudden vehemence," but the providence of God."

"Then before I could say a word in reply, he had freed himself from my grasp and was striding down the shadow-haunted street.

Ten minutes later my mistress came out. She drew a deep breath as she clasped my arm, and I felt her tremble.

"Come, Jenny, let us get away from here quickly. I shall be glad to reach home again—so glad."

She looked so miserable and dispirited that I had not the courage to tell her what had occurred outside the cottage while she lingered within.

Next morning while she was at breakfast, and the mystical stir of the bridal preparations was going on in the house, one of the servant brought in a large package. She cut the cords and out fell a heap of letters—the pure, dainty letters she had written from time to time to her lover—and the books and keepsakes she had given him.

I saw her stagger turn pale and catch her breath. Then she looked at me with a bewildered air.

"I—I—don't understand. Do you Jenny?"

The package and a brief note it contained were Deane Hollis's farewell.

My lady did not cry or faint. Flinging my note away, she clasped both hands to her farehead.

"My God! This is incomprehensible. What—what—does he mean?"

"I can tell you, madam." And I did.

When she learned that Mr. Hollis had been at Holme's Cottage the night before, and what he had over heard there, instead of sinking to the floor in shame and confusion, as I half expected, she sprang towards the door with a smothered sob of joy.

"Oh heaven!" she said. Come Jenny, we have another mission to perform.

"Where are you going?" I said, looking at her wonderingly.

"Come and see. Heaven grant that we be not too late.

Scarcely waiting for her bonnet and shawl, she hurried me from the house.

Presently we reached a handsome mansion—Mr. Hollis's country seat. A carriage stood before the door, and some one was just stepping into it:

My lady screamed out at the sight and rushed forward excitedly:

"Oh, Deame, don't go! don't leave me—at least until I have been given a chance to explain! You have misjudged me; it is a terrible mistake. Come with me to Holme's Cottage, do come. God knows I do not wish to keep any secrets from you; not one."

We all entered the carriage together and drove to Holmes Cottage.

We were met on the threshold by the same forlorn looking woman who had brought the note. She burst out sobbing in her face:

"My son is dead," she cried. "He breathed his last soon after you went away last night. Oh, madam, won't you come in an' look at him. I'm sure it would please him could he but know."

We entered the poor little room and stood beside the couch on which the dead man lay."

The secret of Edith's visit of the previous night was soon told. This rash impetuous man had allowed himself to fall desperately in love with Edith, the summer, in spite of the difference and the utter impossibility of his ever hoping to win a return of his affections

When he realized that he must die a prey to consumption, he prayed to be taken to the vicinity of my ladies home, that he might be near her at last.

He had had more or less delirium for some days previous to his death, and while this was on him had really fancied that Edith was his wife, and spoke of her, in his rambling way, as such.

"I could not despise his love, Deane, I pitied him so," my lady said, her beautiful eyes full of tears. "Do not blame me for seeking to hide the truth; it was for his sake. It seemed cruel to expose his weakness. Will you forgive?"

He echoed the word and caught her to his heart.

"Forgive you! oh, my darling, it is I who needs to be forgiven!"

SHOULD NORTH CAROLINA SEEK IMMIGRATION?

SUGGESTIONS TO THE LAND OWNERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Presented by the North Carolina Board of Agriculture
L. L. Polk, Commissioner.

NORTH CAROLINA'S OPPORTUNITY

WHY NORTH CAROLINA SHOULD SEEK FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.

While we would gladly welcome the good people of the North and Northwest to our State, yet for obvious reasons, a well directed effort would secure in Europe a larger reward. The masses of the Northern people are prejudiced against us, and time alone can remove it. The animosities engendered by the war, and the sectional feeling and distrust fostered by education and training are potent instruments in the skilful hands of politicians and wicked, ambitious men, to keep alive the estrangement.

But despite the machinations of designing men, a lively interest and enquiry has been awakened throughout many of the Northern States in relation to the advantages of North Carolina as a home for immigrants; and it will be the pleasure of the Board to employ every means at its command to encourage and strengthen that interest. Meantime the opportunity is propitious for presenting our claims abroad, particularly in England and Scotland. With their farmers it has been a year of almost unprecedented calamity, and disaster to all crops. In Great Britain the poorest wheat crop has been harvested since 1816, and it is estimated that to make up the deficiency, at least 150,000,000 bushels will have to be obtained from foreign sources. While it is true that Agriculture is no longer the staple industry of England, and that commerce and manufactures are her chief strength and power, and that a failure in crops is therefore not necessarily a national calamity, yet with the small margin in profits realized by her farmers, who under their rental system, must now contend with American competition, it nevertheless becomes a question of grave moment, when from their earnings they must spend such a vast amount for bread. Add to this strain on their energies and resources, the fact that in all the departments of trade and industry America is fast becoming a formidable competitor, and we can readily comprehend the causes of consternation, if not alarm, that agitates all classes and interests among her people. Indeed so great is the depression in her industries, and especially in agriculture, that Parliament recently appointed a commission to visit this country, (and various other agents are here now) to investigate our facilities and ability for enlarging and strengthening that competition. When they see daily in their markets our bread stuffs and fresh meats, to say nothing of our manufactured products selling for less than they can produce them, they are naturally anxious and uneasy, and they are looking to the unoccupied lands of our country for relief from the threatened evils which they feel await them. Thousands are already coming to our shores, and the numbers would be greatly augmented with proper encouragement.

THE ADVANTAGES PRESENTED BY NORTH CAROLINA.

The wonderful natural capabilities and resources of our State are but little understood abroad, or appreciated at home. Many doubtless, which may in the future form an important part in our economy, are now among the unknown. It is not known how admirably adapted is our soil and climate to the successful cultivation of corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, buckwheat, rice, cotton, hemp, flax, jute, silk, tobacco, peanuts, sorghum cane, broom corn, millet, lucerne, clover, orchard, timothy and herds grass, sweet and Irish potatoes, hops, peas, melons, strawberries, cranberries, apples, peaches, grapes, cherries, apricots, prunes, quinces and figs. It is not known that in the long list of valuable minerals found in our State (which according to Prof. Kerr, embraces about 150 kinds) is gold, silver, copper, platinum, iron, lead, antimony, sulphur, diamond, corundum, plumbago, hematite, manganese, mica, magatite, asbestos, kaolin, fire clays, soapstones, etc., etc. It is not known that of all the gold deposited in our Mints and Assay offices from their organization up to the 30th of June, 1877, found east of the Mississippi river, amounting to $21,164,290.49 about one half, or $10,370,492.18, was found in North Carolina. It is not known that within our borders we have water power equal in mechanical force to nearly all that is employed in all the mills and on the thousands of miles of railway in this vast country from one extreme to the other. These and other great and important truths, now so little known, must be brought to light, and give to our State that position in the estimation of the world to which she is so justly entitled.

WHAT THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE IS DOING TO INDUCE IMMIGRATION.

The Act establishing the Department requires the Board to institute such measures as its in judgment may induce immigration, and empowers and authorizes the Board to sell such lands of our citizens as they may register in this office at the price and on the terms fixed by the owner. The Act allows the Board two and one-half per cent commission on the gross amount of sale, and one dollar as registration fee. A party wishing to sell land writes to the Commissioner for blank forms upon which a full and fair description of the property is made, the price and terms given. These blanks are returned to the Commissioner, with the one dollar registration fee. A correct transcript is made in a book kept for that purpose. The lands are then advertised. If a sale be effected, the owner makes the conveyance to the purchaser, and pays 2½ per cent commission. If no sale be made, the one dollar is lost to the owner. We are not allowed to take any price other than the one fixed by the owner. We are required to advertise the lands and use all proper effort to find a purchaser.

We are now arranging for the establishment of agencies in foreign countries, especially in England, Scotland, Wales, Holland and Switzerland. We are also arranging for cheap rates of passage from various points to Norfolk, Beaufort or Wilmington, on our principal steamship lines. These agents will be kept supplied from this office with maps, pamphlets, and such publications as may illustrate the advantages of our State as a home for immigrants. Publications will also be mailed in such foreign journals as circulate most largely in their rural districts giving information in regard to our people and State.

It is gratifying to note the greatly increased interest manifested by foreigners, in our State, since the establishment of the Department. Letters of inquiry are being constantly received from all parts of our country, as well as from Europe. The publications of the Department are being anxiously sought from every quarter. Scarcely a mail leaves our office that does not contain copies of our Hand Book, or other publications, for parties seeking information. These are sent to every Northern and North-western State, to England, to Canada, to Scotland, Italy, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Beligum, Russia, Germany and France. We are constantly engaged in the collection of such information as will be of interest to the immigrant; we are assiduously laboring to fill up our Museums with fair specimens of the native products of each county in the State, so that the large numbers of visitors (both citizens and strangers) may here learn in the easiest and best way, of the capabilities of our State. We are exerting every effort, and utilizing every means at our command, for the dissemination of correct information in regard to our State, for we believe that North Carolina has only to be better known to be better appreciated.

DO YOU WISH TO SELL ANY LANDS?

Write to L. L. Polk, Raleigh, N. C., and ask for blank forms.

That our plan of operations may be plainly understood, it may be briefly stated for the guidance of those interested:

Write to the Commissioner for Blank Descriptive Forms.

Fill these forms out with faithful descriptions of property, giving the lowest price and terms.

Return the forms with one dollar for registration fee.

Send also, if practicable, by express, specimens of the native products of the land, such as agricultural products, woods, minerals, marls and building stones, &c., to place on exhibition and to show to those who desire to purchase.

The owner must guarantee a good title to the property.

The land will be advertised extensively, and if sold the owner pays two and one-half per cent. commission on the gross amount of the sale.

If not sold the owner makes no outlay, except the one dollar.

The Commissioner will cheerfully and promptly answer all inquiries from our citizens, and earnestly beg them to write him freely. Address,

L. L. POLK,
Commissioner of Agriculture.
Raleigh, N. C.

The Wilson Advance.

Apothegms that the Turks Find Comfort in.

A libation is better than a potation; wine is often better spilt than drank.

A lie is a desperate cowardice; it is to fear man and brave God.

Lovers are apt to hear through the eyes; but the safest way is to hear through their ears.

All young animals are merry, and all old ones grave. An old woman is the only ancient animal that ever is free.

It is better to do the idlest thing in the world than to sit idle for half an hour.

Drink never changes, but only shows our natures.

In the whole Hebrew Diction there is no word to express nature or philosophy.

What a dread of death must some people have who would rather be living than dead.

Man must be initiated in the mysteries of iniquity in order that he may safely to pursue the paths of virtue.

Better to have one's feet dirty than his hands.

The more a person wants the less it will do him good.

A kindness can never be too great, not even by repaying it.

Algebra is the metaphysics of arithmetic.

Desire is in youth a passion—in age a vice.

The four characteristics of old age—To build a house, to raise a family, to write a book and to have all